THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 2, 1800.

Account of the Life of the late learned Dr. Joſiah Tucker, Dean of Glouceſter.

THIS venerable divine, ſo long and ſo juſtly celebrated for his commercial ſagacity, was born at Laugharn, in Carmarthenſhire, in the year 1712. His father was a farmer, and having a ſmall eſtate left him at or near Aberyſtwith, in Cardiganſhire, he removed thither; and perceiving that his ſon had a turn for learning, he ſent him to Ruthin-ſchool, in Denbighſhire, where he made ſo reſpectable a progreſs in the claſſics, that he obtained an exhibition at Jeſus College, Oxford. It is generally underſtood that ſeveral of his journies to and from Oxford were performed on foot, with a ſtick on his ſhoulder, and a bundle at the end of it. Thus it might be ſaid by him, as by Simonides. "*Omnia mea mecum porto.*" At the age of twenty-three he entered into holy orders, and ſerved a curacy for ſome time in Glouceſterſhire. About 1737, he became curate of St. Stephen's church in Briſtol, and was appointed minor-canon in the cathedral of that city. Here he attracted the notice of Dr. Joſeph Butler, then Biſhop of Briſtol, and afterwards of Durham, who appointed Mr. Tucker his domeſtic chaplain. By the intereſt of this prelate Mr. Tucker obtained a prebendal ſtall in the cathedral of Briſtol; and on the death of Mr. Catcott, well known by his treatiſe on the deluge, and a volume of excellent ſermons, he became rector of St. Stephen. The inhabitants of that pariſh conſiſt chiefly of merchants and tradeſ-

men, a circumſtance which greatly aided his natural inclination for commercial and political ſtudies.

When the famous bill was brought into the Houſe of Commons for the naturalization of the Jews, Mr. Tucker, conſidering the ſubject with an enlarged mind, took a decided part in favour of the meaſure, and was, indeed, its moſt able advocate. The opponents of the bill, tranſported with an extraordinary zeal for the Chriſtian Religion, which they affected to think was in danger by this ſtep, treated the divine with great rudeneſs and virulence on the occaſion. He was not only ſeverely attacked in pamphlets, newſpapers, and magazines, but the people of Briſtol burnt his effigy, dreſſed in canonicals, together with his letters on behalf of naturalization. In 1753 he publiſhed an able pamphlet on the "Turkey trade," in which he demonſtrates the evils that reſult to trade in general from chartered companies.

At this period Lord Clare (afterward Earl Nugent) was returned to Parliament for Briſtol, which honour he obtained chiefly through the ſtrenuous exertions of Mr. Tucker, whoſe influence in his large and wealthy pariſh was almoſt deciſive on ſuch an occaſion. In return for this favour the Earl procured for him the deanery of Glouceſter, in 1758, at which time he took his degree of Doctor in Divinity.

So great was his reputation for commercial knowledge, that Dr. Thomas Hayter, afterwards Biſhop of London, who was then tutor to his preſent Majeſty, applied to Dr. Tucker to draw up a diſſertation on this ſubject for the peruſal of his royal pupil. It was accordingly done, and gave great ſatisfaction. This work under the title of "The Elements of Commerce," was printed in quarto, but never publiſhed. Dr. Warburton, however, who, after having been member of the ſame chapter with the Dean, at Briſtol, became Biſhop of Glouceſter, thought very differently from the reſt of mankind, in reſpect to his talents and favourite purſuits; and ſaid once, in his coarſe manner, that "his Dean's trade was religion, and religion his trade." But in refutation of this charge we might produce the Dean's various publications on moral and religious ſubjects, which ſhew him to be not only deeply verſed in theology, but alſo, what is far better, a man of genuine philanthropy.

In the year 1771, when a ſtrong attempt was made to procure an abolition of ſubſcription to the thirty-nine articles, Dr. Tucker came forward as an able and moderate advocate of the church of England. About this time he publiſhed

"Directions

" Directions for Travellers," in which he lays down excellent rules, by which gentlemen who viſit foreign countries may not only improve their own minds, but turn their obſervations to the benefit of their native country.

The Dean was an attentive obſerver of the American conteſt. He examined the affair with a very different eye from that of a party-man, or an intereſted merchant; and he diſcovered, as he conceived, that both ſides would be better off by an abſolute ſeparation. Mr. Burke's language in the Houſe of Commons reſpecting the Dean's propoſal was, indeed, exceeding harſh and illiberal. In his famous ſpeech on American taxation, April 13th, 1774, this famous orator called him " the advocate of the court faction; and I ſuppoſe," he adds, " that his earneſt labours in this vineyard will raiſe him a biſhopric." The Dean was actually rouſed into reſentment on this occaſion, and he accordingly publiſhed a letter to Mr. Burke, in which he not only vindicates the purity of his own principles, but retorts upon his adverſary in very forcible and manly terms.

The ground of Mr. Burke's enmity to the Dean, was the latter's ſtrenuous oppoſition to his being admitted to repreſent Briſtol in Parliament.

Dr. Tucker had a high opinion of Lord Nugent's parliamentary conduct and abilities; added to which, he owed much to him on the ſcore of gratitude. He therefore conſidered himſelf as bound to ſupport his intereſt in Briſtol with all the power he poſſeſſed. This excited Mr. Burke's diſlike to the Dean of Glouceſter, and ſharpened his wit on the ſubject of his political opinion.

When the terrors of an invaſion were very prevalent, in 1779, the Dean circulated, in a variety of periodical publications, ſome of the moſt ſenſible obſervations that were ever made on the ſubject, in order to quiet the fears of the people. In 1781 the Dean publiſhed, what he had printed long before, " A Treatiſe on Civil Government," in which his principal deſign is to counteract the doctrines of the celebrated Mr. Locke and his followers. The book made a conſiderable noiſe, and was very ſharply attacked by ſeveral able writers on the democratic ſide of the queſtion, particularly by Dr. Towers. The year following he cloſed his political career with a pamphlet entitled " *Cui Bono?*" in which he balances the profit and loſs of each of the belligerent powers, and recapitulates all his former poſitions on the ſubject of war and colonial poſſeſſions. His publications ſince that period have conſiſted of ſome tracts on the commercial regulations

of Ireland, on the exportation of woollens, and on the iron trade. In 1777 he publiſhed ſeventeen practical ſermons, in one volume, octavo.

In the year 1778, one of his pariſhioners, Miſs Pelloquin, a maiden lady of large fortune and moſt exemplary piety, bequeathed to the Dean her dwelling-houſe in Queen-ſquare, Briſtol, with a very handſome legacy, as a teſtimony of her great eſteem for his worth and talents. In the year 1781 the Dean married a lady of the name of Crowe, who reſided at Glouceſter.

It ſhould be recorded to his praiſe, that though enjoying but very moderate preferment (for to a man of no paternal eſtate, or other eccleſiaſtical dignity, the deanery of Glouceſter is no very advantageous ſituation), he has notwithſtanding been a liberal benefactor to ſeveral public inſtitutions, and a diſtinguiſhed patron of merit. The celebrated John Henderſon, of Pembroke College, Oxford, was ſent to the Univerſity, and ſupported there at the Dean's expence, when he had no means whatever of gratifying his ardent deſire for ſtudy. We ſhall mention another inſtance of generoſity in this place, which reflects the greateſt honour upon the Dean.

About the year 1790 he thought of reſigning his rectory in Briſtol, and, without communicating his deſign to any other perſon, he applied to the Chancellor, in whoſe gift it is, for leave to quit it in favour of his curate, a moſt deſerving man, with a large family. His Lordſhip was willing enough that he ſhould give up the living, but he refuſed him the liberty of nominating his ſucceſſor. On this the Dean reſolved to hold the living himſelf, till he could find a fit opportunity to ſucceed in his object. After weighing the matter more deliberately, he communicated his wiſh to his pariſhioners, and adviſed them to draw up a petition to the Chancellor in favour of the curate. This was accordingly done, and ſigned by all of them, without any exception, either on the part of the diſſenters or others. The Chancellor being touched with this teſtimony of love between a clergyman and his people, yielded at laſt to the application; in conſequence of which the Dean cheerfully reſigned the living to a ſucceſſor well qualified to tread in his ſteps. Since that time he has reſided chiefly at Glouceſter, viewing his approaching diſſolution with the placid mind of a Chriſtian, conſcious of having done his duty both to God and Man. He died on the 4th of November, 1799.

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The following is a tolerably correct list of the Dean's works:

Theological and Controversial.—1. A Sermon preached before the Governors of the Infirmary of Briſtol, 1745. 2. Letters in Behalf of the Naturalization of the Jews. 3. Apology for the Church of England, 1772. 4. Six Sermons, 12mo, 1773. 5. Letter to Dr. Kippis, on his Vindication of the Proteſtant Diſſenting Miniſters. 6. Two Sermons and Four Tracts. 7. View of the Difficulties of the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian Syſtems, and Seventeen Sermons, 1777.

Political and Commercial.—8. A pamphlet on the Turkey Trade. 9. A brief View of the Advantages and Diſadvantages which attend a Trade with France. 10. Reflections on the Expediency of Naturalizing foreign Proteſtants, and a Letter to a Friend on the ſame Subject. 11. The Pleas and Arguments of the Mother Country and the Colonies ſtated. 12. A Letter to Mr. Burke. 13. Quere, whether a Connection with, or Separation from America, would be for national Advantage? 14. Anſwers to Objections againſt the Separation from America. 15. A Treatiſe on Civil Government. 16. *Cui Bono?* 17. Four Letters on national Subjects. 18. Sequel to Sir William Jones on Government. 19. On the Diſpute between Great Britain and Ireland. 20. Several Papers under the Signature of Caſſandra, &c. on the Difficulties attendant on an Invaſion. 21. A Treatiſe on Commerce. (Mr Coxe, in his Life of Sir Robert Walpole, ſays that this was printed, but never publiſhed).

Miſcellaneous.—22. Directions for Travellers. 23. Cautions againſt the Uſe of Spirituous Liquors. 24. A Tract againſt the Diverſions of Cock-fighting, &c.

Account of the Riſe, Progreſs, and Eſtabliſhment of the Royal Society, in the Reign of Charles the Second.

THE reign of Charles was inglorious in almoſt every inſtance; yet it was diſtinguiſhed by the eſtabliſhment of a ſociety, which has been perhaps more reſpectable in its character, and more uſeful in its exertions than any ſimilar inſtitution in Europe. The humble origin of the Royal Society has been already noticed; but it belongs to this part of our undertaking to enter more fully into the detail.

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To aſſert that the great proficiency in natural ſcience, which has been the glory of the Britiſh nation, is to be wholly attributed to the exertions of this aſſociation, would be bold and hazardous! but it is certain that little progreſs had been previouſly made in that intereſting branch of human knowledge. Except the ſolitary ſpeculations of Bacon, little had hitherto been effected; but the recommendation of that great man, to refer every thing in phyſics to the ſevere teſt of direct experiment, cleared the path of ſcience, and opened the way to real diſcoveries.

Alchemy had been a favourite ſtudy in the two preceding reigns. The theatre, which is, in general, "a brief chronicle of the times," and the beſt record of manners and national character, of national folly at leaſt, atteſts this fact. Johnſon's Alchemiſt is read and acted, though the object of ridicule which is the foundation of the piece, is no longer intereſting.

It is however matter of ſurprize, that induſtry, even without the aid of ſcience, ſhould have effected nothing. Not one uſeful diſcovery is recorded as rewarding the labours of the Engliſh alchemiſts, though their brethren on the continent contributed in no ſmall degree to the improvement of practical chemiſtry.

Even mathematical ſcience, for which the Engliſh philoſophers have ſince been ſo juſtly celebrated, was, antecedent to the period of which we are treating, in no very flouriſhing ſtate; but the age which produced the Royal Society was alſo diſtinguiſhed by ſome excellent mathematicians; and Oughtred, Ward, and Wallis, led the way to Barrow, Newton, and Halley. Thus, though claſſical learning, theology, and metaphyſics, had been cultivated with ſucceſs in the preceding ages, the reign of Charles II. may be regarded as the dawn of Engliſh philoſophy.

The commencement of the Royal Society is referred by its hiſtorian Sprat to "ſome ſpace after the end of the civil wars;" but more correct information affixes the date to the year 1645. At that time ſome ingenious and inquiſitive men, among whom was the celebrated mathematician Dr. John Wallis, and the no leſs celebrated Dr. (afterwards Biſhop) Wilkins, agreed to meet weekly on a certain day, to converſe on ſubjects of natural and experimental philoſophy. The meetings were ſometimes held at the apartments of Dr. Jonathan Goddard, a phyſician of ſome eminence in Wood-ſtreet, on account of his having an operator in his houſe for the purpoſe of grinding glaſſes for teleſcopes: ſometimes

at a houſe in Cheapſide, and ſometimes at Greſham-College. From theſe meetings, the great topics which at that period divided and diſtracted ſociety, politics and theology, were excluded; and the ſciences which chiefly engaged the attention of the ſociety, were geometry, aſtronomy, anatomy, phyſic, chemiſtry, navigation, magnetiſm, and mechanics. This ſociety was ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Inviſible or Philoſophical College.

The ſociety in this infant ſtate experienced ſomething of the unſettled nature of the times; and about the year 1648 it was nearly diſſolved by the removal of Dr. Wilkins, who was appointed Warden of Wadham-College; of Dr. Wallis, who was nominated Savilian Profeſſor of Geometry; and of Dr. Goddard, who was made Warden of Merton-College. Thoſe who remained in London continued to meet as before, and the Oxford members joined them when they viſited the metropolis. The meetings, however, were continued with more ſpirit, and, probably, more regularly at Oxford, "in Dr. Wilkins's lodgings (to uſe the words of Sprat) in Wadham-College, which was then the reſort for virtuous and learned men." The univerſity, as the ſame author informs us, had ſeveral men of eminence at that time attached to it in various offices and ſtations; and it was reſorted to by others, whom the diſtreſſes of the times drove to take refuge from the din of arms, and the deteſtable conteſts of party and politics, in the quiet ſhades of that celebrated ſeminary. Their firſt object was, as it had been in London, to enjoy ſociety in peace, to contribute to each other's mutual entertainment and inſtruction, and to avoid thoſe unpleaſant topics which ſpread only diſcord and calamity wherever they were agitated. The principal perſons who formed this ſmall but illuſtrious aſſembly, were Dr. Seth Ward, afterwards Lord Biſhop of Exeter, Mr. Boyle, Sir William Petty, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Matthew Wren, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Willis, Dr. Chriſtopher Wren, and Mr. Rooke.

Theſe meetings, however, were ſtill little more than ſocial or converſation parties. They had no rules or fixed method of proceeding; yet experimental ſcience engaged more deeply their attention than ſpeculation and conjecture. The folly of both of theſe was too apparent in the metaphyſical writers of the day for wiſe men, ſuch as conſtituted this little ſociety, to engage themſelves in. They were more commonly employed in experiments of chemiſtry and mechanics. Their inſtruments, however, were few; and

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their diſcoveries in chemiſtry ſeem to have been of little importance.

In the year 1658 the ſociety was diſperſed from various cauſes, and its members were called to the exerciſe of different functions in different parts of the kingdom. The majority of them, however, had reſorted to the metropolis; and here their meetings were reſumed at Greſham-College, an inſtitution at preſent ſhamefully abuſed, by being made a fine eure for idle and, indeed, merely nominal profeſſors. They generally met at the Wedneſday's and Thurſday's lectures of Dr. Wren and Mr. Rooke, for ſuch were the men who, at that period, occupied thoſe ſtations. Here they were joined by ſeveral other eminent perſons, among whom were the Lords Brouncker and Brereton, Sir Paul Neile, Mr. John Evelyn, Mr. Henſhaw, Mr. Slingſby, Dr. Timothy Clark, Dr. Ent, Mr. Balle, Mr. Hill, and Dr. Crone. The calamities of the times again diſperſed our philoſophers; and even the place of their meeting was, in the year 1659, converted into a barrack for ſoldiers.

The meetings were reſumed when the public affairs aſſumed a more quiet aſpect after the reſtoration, and they were joined by a great number of perſons eminent in every branch of ſcience. The acceſſion of new members obliged them now to think of adopting ſome regular mode of conducting their debates; and, in a private converſation, on the 28th of November, 1660, between Lord Brouncker, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Bruce, Sir Robert Moray, Sir Paul Neile, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Petty, Mr. Balle, Mr. Wren, and Mr. Hill, the firſt idea was ſuggeſted of forming a regular college for the promotion of phyſico-mathematical and experimental ſcience. As a preliminary to ſuch a meaſure, a ſet of regulations were drawn up, ſimple and plain, adapted to the character of the men, and the frugal manners of the age. The meetings were to be continued weekly, at three o'clock in the afternoon, during term time, in Mr. Rooke's chamber at Greſham-College; and, in the vacation, at Mr. Balle's in the Temple. An admiſſion fine of ten ſhillings was levied on each of the members, who alſo engaged to contribute at the rate of one ſhilling a week, whether preſent or abſent, towards the expences of the inſtitution. A liſt of additional members was, at the ſame time, given in, among whom we find the names of Sir Kenelme Digby, Mr. Evelyn, celebrated for his attention to the practical and philoſophical part of botany, and Cowley the poet, who had been created a Doctor of Phyſic at Oxford in the year 1657.

Thus the ſociety continued to proſecute, with a moſt laudable zeal and induſtry, every branch of uſeful knowledge. The experiments, as Sprat informs us, were made by themſelves, or at leaſt repeated, whenever the reſults were communicated from a diſtance. It was at firſt determined not to increaſe the number of the members; and the ſtated number was fixed at fifty-five; but this order was afterwards judiciouſly reſcinded. It was alſo reſolved, that no perſon ſhould be admitted to the ſociety without a ſcrutiny, in which the candidates ſhould have the votes of at leaſt two-thirds of the members preſent, except ſuch as were of or above the degree of a Baron; and all ſuch were to be admitted, at their deſire, as ſupernumeraries, provided they conformed to the rules of the ſociety. The ſame privilege was afterwards extended to the Fellows of the College of Phyſicians, in conſequence of the college indulging them with the uſe of their hall.

On the 5th of December, Sir Robert Murray informed the ſociety that the King had been made acquainted with the deſign of the meeting; that his Majeſty had ſignified his approbation, and was deſirous of giving it encouragement. About the ſame time it was reſolved, that the ſtanding offices of the ſociety ſhould be three in number, a preſident or director, a treaſurer, and a regiſter—the former to be choſen monthly, and the two latter to continue in office for the ſpace of a year. Two ſervants, with ſalaries, were alſo appointed, an amanuenſis, and an operator.—The ſalary of the former was forty ſhillings per annuum, and of the latter four pounds.

As a ſpecimen of their proceedings in this infant ſtate, it may not be unpleaſant to the reader to mention that the ſubjects which chiefly engaged their attention at this period were a ſeries of experiments on pendulums, by Dr. (afterwards Sir Chriſtopher) Wren; experiments for the improvement of ſhipping, under the direction of Dr. Petty, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Wilkins, and Dr. Wren; an experiment on the recoiling of guns, by Lord Brouncker; and a ſeries of queries were drawn up by the ſame nobleman, in conjunction with Mr. Boyle, and ſent to Teneriffe, chiefly relating to experiments for meaſuring the height, and examining the atmoſphere and climate of the Peak. His Majeſty, about the ſame time, ſent two loadſtones to be examined by the ſociety; Dr. Goddard produced ſome chemical experiments on coloured fluids, produced from fluids nearly or altogether colourleſs; and Mr. Evelyn, ſome curious obſervations on

the anatomy of trees, which were followed by a diſcourſe of Sir Kenelme Digby on the vegetation of plants.

The ſociety, however, did not confine its attention to ſubjects of mere philoſophy, but extended it to the arts and manufactures. Beſides the experiments of ſhipping, already noticed, Dr. Petty produced a ſeries of obſervations on the clothing-trade; experiments were alſo made on refining, japanning, gilding, and other arts. Among other phænomena produced before the ſociety, was a young man born deaf and dumb, and taught by the celebrated Wallis to ſpeak plainly. The Doctor, with ſome humour, deſcribes this occupation, in a letter to Mr. Oldenburg.—"I am now employed," ſays he, "upon another work, as hard, almoſt, as to make Mr. Hobbes underſtand mathematics. It is to teach a perſon dumb and deaf to ſpeak, and to underſtand a language," &c.

From this ſpecimen of its proceedings, the reader will perceive that the ſociety was not leſs diligent or flouriſhing previous to its incorporation, than it has been at any ſubſequent period. Some perſons have in truth doubted, whether this circumſtance has been, or not, of real ſervice to the ſociety; but it muſt be remembered, that though not of actual uſe, it may have been productive of eventual good. It ſerved, probably, to preſerve the unity of the ſociety, and to prevent it from breaking into different clubs or aſſemblies. It alſo gave it ſome conſequence in the eyes of the public, and of foreign nations; and poſſibly contributed at once to its reſpectability and permanence. The act of incorporation paſſed the Great Seal on the 15th of July, 1662.

The only alteration of importance in the regulations of the ſociety was, that the elections were made annual; William Lord Viſcount Brouncker was appointed the Firſt Preſident; Sir Robert Moray, Mr. Boyle, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brereton, Sir Kenelme Digby, Sir Paul Neile, Mr. H. Slingeſby, Sir William Petty, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Ent, Mr. Aerſkine, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Chriſtopher Wren, Mr. Balle, Mr. Matthew Wren, Mr. Evelyn, Mr. Henſhaw, Mr. Dudley Palmer, Mr. Oldenburg, were nominated of the Council; and of theſe Mr. Balle was appointed Treaſurer, and Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Oldenburg the Firſt Secretaries. Such was the riſe, progreſs, and eſtabliſhment of this reſpectable ſociety.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Kotzebue's

Kotzebue's Account of the Impreſſion made upon his Mind by his Viſits to the Theatre in early Life.

I Come now to that period of my life when, from the circumſtances into which I was accidentally thrown, my future deſtiny was irrevocably decided, and I was doomed to experience all the pains and pleaſures that inevitably attend the dramatic writer. The deceaſed player, Abbott, came with his ſtrolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-houſe as a theatre. Never within my memory had Weimar been viſited by any players, and my curioſity was excited beyond all bounds. It will eaſily be imagined, then, what tranſports I felt when Muſæus, the admirable Muſæus, who had always honoured me with his particular notice, and who at that time was Governor of the Pages, came one evening, and requeſted my mother to let me accompany him to the play.

With a ſacred awe did I enter the theatre, an awe the Caſtle-church was never capable of inſpiring. The number of lights, the crowd aſſembled, the guards, the myſterious curtain, altogether raiſed my expectation to an unexampled pitch. The play was Klopſtock's "Death of Adam." Muſæus let me ſtand upon the bench before him, that I might ſee over the heads of the other ſpectators. The curtain drew up: I was all eyes, all ears. Not a word, a look, or an attitude, eſcaped me. I was impatient if any one of the audience coughed or blew his noſe. I abſolutely ſtamped with my foot upon the bench if a troubleſome neighbour began to talk to Muſæus, who was too complaiſant not to anſwer him. No! alive as my heart has always been to powerful impreſſions, never did I experience any thing equal to the preſent.

I came home almoſt ſtunned with delight. I was aſked, how I liked the play? Ah, my God! *liked!*—What a feeble word to deſcribe my feelings! I wanted ſome new mode of expreſſion coined on purpoſe to repreſent them: none of the old ones were ſufficiently forcible. Fain would I have painted in the moſt vivid colours all I had ſeen, in hopes to make others feel it as I did; but I was only convinced of the impotence of words to accompliſh my aim. I neither knew where to begin nor to end. I would have aſked no greater bleſſing of fate, than to grant that I might be preſent every night at ſuch a performance. Robinſon Cruſoe's iſland was no longer an object of deſire to me, for on that deſert ſpot

there could be no theatre. It was totally incomprehenſible to my mind how people could talk of the play with ſo much compoſure, and go on calmly and quietly with their avocations as uſual. According to my ideas, they ought all to have run about the ſtreets, like the citizens of Abdera, crying, "Oh thou ruler over gods and men! Mighty, mighty Abbott!" Did any one aſk my mother whether ſhe intended to go that evening to the theatre, and ſhe anſwered in the negative, that ſhe was engaged to take a walk, or ſomething of the like kind, "My God!" I thought within myſelf, "how is it poſſible that thoſe who can do as they pleaſe, ſhould prefer a walk to the play!"

Inexpreſſible, therefore, were my tranſports, when, not long after, a regular theatre was inſtituted at Weimar, under the patronage of the Ducheſs Amelia, that favourite of the muſes. The company was undoubtedly one of the beſt at that time in Germany, ſince the family of Seiler, Brandes, Böck, and the immortal Eckhof, were the principal performers.

Eckhof! thou great and good man, I bleſs thy aſhes! Thou didſt aſſiſt to form my heart and underſtanding; to awaken many a noble feeling in my boſom, and by thy wonderful performances, to enrich my reaſon and fancy with ideas and conceptions that could only have been inſpired through ſuch a medium. Often when I have ſeen thee paſs by our houſe in a morning to rehearſal, dreſſed in a plain coat and an uncombed periwig, with a ſtooping unaſſuming gait, how have I been aſtoniſhed at reflecting that this was the ſame man who, in the evening when he walked the ſtage as a king or general, ſeemed born to command! Thy repreſentations of the human character, at thoſe moments, were to me a ſchool of wiſdom, while by thy conduct of the ſtage thou didſt inſtruct me how to ſeparate real merit from external oſtentation.

As Richard the Third, Duke Michael, Odoardo, and Father Rode, Eckhof was unrivalled. Plays were performed three nights in the week, and my obtaining permiſſion to be preſent at them depended partly on my general good behaviour, partly on my particular diligence in my ſtudies. A French governeſs was in thoſe days chief arbitreſs of the ſupreme bliſs of my life. With her I uſed to read and tranſlate Madame de Beaumont's works, and every day had a teſtimonial home with me, conſiſting either of *bon*, *mediocre*, or the dreadful word *mal*. If the latter, adieu to all thoughts of the play for that evening, as my mother was never acceſſible

to

to intreaties. How often, therefore, when Madame Louvel's pen was dipped into the ink to write the fatal word *mal*, have I taken her beautiful white hand, kiſſed it, and bathed it with my tears, till I could prevail on her to moderate the ſeverity of my ſentence at leaſt into a *mediocre!*

My paſſion for the ſtage increaſed every day. As the theatre was entirely ſupported by the court, there was no paying for admiſſion, but a limited number of tickets were regularly given out. Thus, on feſtival days, when a new piece or ſome grand pantomime ballet was to be performed, and the concourſe of company who wiſhed to be preſent was conſequently unuſually great, it often happened that ſo inſignificant a perſonage as myſelf could not procure a ticket. But as my curioſity was on ſuch occaſions more ſtrongly excited than ever, I was obliged to have recourſe to ſtratagem for its gratification. Every avenue leading to the theatre, every corner of the houſe, was as well known to me as the inſide of my coat-pocket; even the paſſages under the ſtage were as familiar to me, as to the man that lighted the lamps. When I was hard preſſed for admittance, therefore, I uſed to ſtand at the entrance allotted to the performers, and ſlip in dexterouſly behind the guards. Then, to eſcape purſuit, I crept inſtantly under the ſtage, whence a little door led into the orcheſtra. Through this I got behind the great drum, which being ſomewhat elevated, completely concealed my little perſon, and here I could ſee the performance very commodiouſly.

Would to Heaven I had always ſhewn equal addreſs with reſpect to the great drama of the world! That I had never engaged in conteſts with malice and envy, which ſtand as guards every where, but had only ſtolen in behind them, not venturing upon the ſtage myſelf, but remaining underneath it, or at leaſt in the orcheſtra, concealed by the great drum. Happy the trimmers of the lamps, who are never clapped or hiſſed, and who perhaps at home, as they repreſent a contented family-ſcene, can exclaim with Greſſet:

> " *Une éternité de glori,*
> " *Vaut-elle un jour de bonheur?*"

I may venture to aſſert, that among all the frequenters of the theatre, old or young, I was always the moſt attentive. I need only adduce in proof of my attention, that I could repeat the whole of Leſſing's Emilia Galotti by heart, without ever having ſeen the book. It muſt however be obſerved,

ſerved, and it is much to the honour of the taſte then prevalent in Weimar, formed under the influence of an amiable and diſcerning Princeſs, that Emilia Galotti was performed very frequently, and always to full houſes. The part of Odoardo was played by Eckhof, and was undoubtedly his firſt character. Madame Mecour as Emilia, Böck as the Prince, his wife as Claudia, and above all, Madame Seiler as Orſina, united to do juſtice to this *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic poetry. "The Grateful Son," by Engel, was alſo in my opinion wondrfully impreſſivee, and my reigning favourite next to Emilia Galotti. I ſoon perſuaded my young companions to engage with me in performing both theſe pieces at our hours of play, and I alternately undertook every character.

Nothing could equal the veneration with which I at that time regarded any actor, how moderate ſoever might be his profeſſional talents. Could I but throw myſelf in the way of one off the ſtage, ſo as to hear him ſpeak, I was tranſported in no ſlight degree, but if I could contrive only to ſpeak a ſingle word to him myſelf, my ecſtacy exceeded all bounds, and I thought myſelf honoured beyond the common lot of mortals. Well do I remember how I uſed to go every Sunday to a perſon of the name of Henſel, to learn what plays were to be performed in the enſuing week, for at that time play-bills were not given out as at preſent. At home I made all things ſubſervient to my theatrical mania. It was not enough for me to perform a paſtoral drama occaſionally on a birth-day; every new piece that fell in my way muſt inſtantly be murdered by myſelf and my corps. At length I obtained poſſeſſion of Gerſtenberg's Ugolino, an excellent drama, and well deſerving of a much higher reputaton than it has hitherto obtained. I regarded it as an ineſtimable treaſure, ſince, as containing but few characters, I thought it admirably adapted to our private performances. It never once occurred to me, that though the characters were few in number, every one, to have juſtice done it, required an actor at the very head of his profeſſion. I undertook the part of Anſelmo, and perorated it with all the fire of my ardent imagination.

I mentioned above, the grand pantomimical ballets. Theſe were performed in a very ſuperb ſtile at Weimar. With tranſport do I now recal to remembrance the brilliant repreſentation of Idris and Zenida, Orpheus and Eurydice, Incle and Yarico, the Amazonians, and many others. The latter

was not the leſs powerfully recommended to me, from the hints for it being furniſhed by Muſæus.

Theſe ballets had the ſame effect upon my ſenſes as the regular dramas had upon my feelings, and I ſoon deviſed means for imitating them alſo. I made myſelf a little theatre, firſt of wax, then of paper, and at length of wood. Thoſe among my youthful aſſociates who could paint, were employed upon my ſcenery, and my mother and aunt were ſet to work at patching pieces of ſilk together, to make dreſſes for my puppets. They danced their ſolos, and *pas de deux* by means of wires, and the lightning was made by *ſemen lycopodii* blown through a quill into the candle.

Thus was every new ballet preſented to the public by Meſſrs. Koch and Schutz ſpeedily exhibited upon my private ſtage. The taſte for this kind of toy ſoon ſpread among the children at Weimar, and no long period elapſed before almoſt every boy had his Lilliputian theatre, while my vanity was not a little flattered by being conſtantly applied to for inſtruction in the uſe of the diminutive machinery. Oh! condemn me not, ye wiſe, for dwelling ſo long upon theſe childiſh ſports; the powerful influence they had on my future character is ſurely a ſufficient excuſe for ſuch loquacity.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Poor woman, in the neighbourhood of Chard, went lately to a farm houſe to purchaſe a buſhel of wheat, for which the farmer demanded eighteen ſhillings; ſhe offered ſeventeen, being all that ſhe had, and deſired credit till the end of the week for the other ſhilling, which the farmer refuſed, and ſent her away. She went weeping from the houſe, and, at a ſmall diſtance from it, met a ſerjeant with a party of recruits: The ſerjeant, obſerving that ſhe wept, aſked the reaſon, which ſhe told him. "Cheer up, mother, (ſays he,) I'll help you out of this ſcrape; let us go to the farmer."—When they ſaw him, the ſerjeant entreated that he would let the woman have the wheat for the ſeventeen ſhillings, as ſhe had no more money, or, at leaſt, that he would give her credit for two days, but the farmer was inexorable. The ſerjeant then told the woman to produce her ſeventeen ſhillings, and ſaid that he would advance a ſhilling; the wheat being delivered, and the ſeventeen ſhillings paid, the ſerjeant offered the farmer a ſhilling, and, on his receiving it, told him that he was thereby enliſted to ſerve his Majeſty in the

the regiment of Welch Fuſileers. Terrified beyond all recollection, the farmer threw down the ſhilling, and agreed to pay twenty ſhillings to be excuſed, which the ſerjeant received, and preſented ſeventeen ſhillings to the poor woman, and with the remaining three treated his comrades.

Huſbandry a healthy and pleaſant Employment.

A Huſbandman, it muſt be allowed, may injure himſelf by working too hard. But he is much leſs likely to do ſo than the manual labourer in almoſt any other occupation. If we for a moment contemplate the nature of the huſbandman's employment or look at his face—does not it beſpeak health and hilarity? examine his limbs—do they not evince activity and ſtrength? the firſt impreſſion which the countenance and general aſpect of that man make on you, is it not, that his work agrees with him? and well it may; the air which he breaths is pure and exhilarating; it is the untainted air of Heaven. His work is hard—ſometimes it is no doubt extremely hard; but remember this very important advantage which the huſbandman has over almoſt every other labourer, that his employment is perpetually varied. If he threſhes to-day he ploughs to-morrow: no ſet of muſcles is excluſively and preternaturally exerted: by working over hours one day with another, he feels no partial debility, no peculiar infirmity, and in this reſpect differs from almoſt every other claſs of workmen: for they, by exceſſive application, bring on ſome diſeaſe or infirmity peculiarly conſequent to their occupation. This fact is well known to the phyſician; and the anatomiſt is frequently enabled to detect the employment of a man by the diſſection of his body.

The huſbandman enjoys another advantage from this variety in his employment, which, though perhaps not ſtrictly connected with the ſubject of the preſent paper, yet well merits to be mentioned; it is this: the faculties of his mind are kept in action. He is in the habit of obſerving the effect of ſuch and ſuch huſbandry; and though he cannot reaſon on the operation of manures with the ſcience and acuteneſs of a philoſopher, he learns from experience what crops exhauſt them ſooneſt, and what require them moſt: he learns what grain is beſt adapted to a particular ſoil, and what rotation of crops is likely to be moſt profitable. The beautiful varieties of the ſeaſons preſent to him the moſt healthy and innocent pleaſures.

ROYAL BON MOT.

WHEN Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennſylvania, and the moſt conſiderable man amongſt the Quakers, went to Court to pay his reſpects to King Charles II. that merry Monarch obſerving the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and ſtood uncovered before Penn, who ſaid, "Prithee, Friend Charles, put on thy hat:" "No," ſays the King, "Friend Penn, it is uſual for only one man to ſtand covered here."

ROUGH MODE *of* COURTSHIP.

WHEN Henry the Eighth was dying he recommended it to his executors, to attempt, by every means in their power, to bring about a marriage between his ſon Edward and Mary, the young Queen of Scots, and thus to unite the two kingdoms. In order to accompliſh this purpoſe the Proteƈtor made war on Scotland, and publiſhed a long manifeſto, ſtating the advantage that this match would be to both kingdoms. Lord Huntley, however, a Scotch Nobleman, ſmartly obſerved, "I diſlike not the match—but I hate *the manner of wooing.*"

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, Schoolmaſter, of St. Auſtell, to T. Tucker's Queſtion, inſerted December 30.

MAKE a right angled triangle a, b, c; let the ∠ at a be =48° 30′; that at b=41° 30′; and ſuppoſe one of its ſides to be =10; then, per trigonometry, as the ſine of 48° 30′: log. 10 :: 41° 30′: 8. 84; and by a ſimilar proceſs we get the other ſide =133.4. Now ſay, as 152.24: 10^2:: 180. 31: 56. 172 poles. Hence 75, 56. 172, and 48.70875 poles are the three ſides of the △ very nearly.

Proof: 75+56.172+48.70875=179,88075 poles, nearly equal to the ſum of the ſides given in the queſtion.

Anſwer, by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter, to P. Gove's Rebus, inſerted March 3..

WHILST deeds of valour and renown
With admiration fill the breaſt,

The name of WASHINGTON ſhall ſound
From fame's loud trump, by thouſands bleſt.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from C. N. of the Royal Miners; R. Thomas, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; Oedipus, jun. of Plymouth; Dubious, of Calverleigh; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. R. Toulmin, of Barnſtaple; and R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge.

A CHARADE, *by Serjeant Bullock, of the Royal Miners.*

USEFUL my firſt, in many places found,
Diffuſing light and luſtre all around;
My next the lovely, beauteous fair adorns,
Waves in the gale, and ruffles in the ſtorm;
My whole you'll find an implement of Mars,
Spills human blood, and thunders in the wars.

An ENIGMA, *by Recluſe, of Yeovil.*

WHEN trembling cowards ſhake for fear,
I dare th' death-wing'd ball:
'Midſt battles day and night appear,
No dangers can appal.

Nay! ſhould Dame Fortune fraught with woe,
My enemy declare;
And treach'rous friends become my foe,
I ſtill am free from care.

In ſcenes of death unſhock'd I've ſtood,
And ev'ry dire alarm,
My mangled body ſtain'd with blood,
So great is glory's charm.

Septemfluous Nile hath own'd my ſway,
On Congo's coaſt I've been:
Tho' loſs doth oft good deeds repay,
When I to groan am ſeen.

When thro' each country I had fought,
" E'en where rough Boreas reigns,"
My children forth I've ſafely brought
To grace fair Albion's plains.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Reflections occaſioned by viewing the paſſing Proceſſion occaſioned by the Death of a Volunteer, buried with military Honours on Sunday, February 16, 1800.

DEATH's ſhafts fly thick. Here falls the village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round;
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince death had the majority;
Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.

But yeſterday I mark'd the vigorous youth,
Blooming with health; but now a pallid corſe.
Methinks, as o'er the ſcene I caſt my eye,
Much cauſe preſents for thinking. Do I hear,
Or is it fancy's dream? The ſullen roar
Of the dread funeral knell. A ſolemn ſound,
That rouſes up reflection's vigorous powers,
And quickens drowſy thought. Sure man, thy ſtay
Is as the beating billow, that juſt riſes,
And then, all traceleſs, ſcatters in oblivion.
Life is a phantom—'tis a viſionary,
That thwarts acroſs the ſhade; juſt dimly gleaming
On the ſick ſight, and vaniſhes for ever.

Britons in arms! Remember, tho' your country
Calls for exertions great as they are good,
She does not all your care monopolize,
Nor all your thoughts engroſs. An arduous ſcene
Will ſhortly ſpring to view. A ſolemn hour
That phrenzies oft the hero! Heroes have died;
An Alexander in the tomb preſents
A leſſon to ſurvivors more important
Than he can read us by his victories,
And wide extended murders. Hear, ye ſages!
Who on the dreadful war-page love to minute
Conſummate deeds of horror! Dreadful acts
Which oft appal the delicate-ſtrung feeling,
That beats and throbs to ſoft humanity.
Is it to ſtigmatize the deſtin'd hero
That murders unprovok'd, and horrid ſcenes,
Are thus minutely told? Where are the laurels,
Wet with the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Alas! contracted are the refluent fibres
Of the green laurel, and the encircling palm.

See

See how they fold their fibres. Calm reflection
No heroes know but ſuch as round their country
Form a reſiſtleſs barrier. Alexander,
In her ſage eye is but a murderer.

But here we view a ſcene, where patriot worth
Meets with a due reward. And tho' no page,
Mark'd by the hiſtorian will record thy name—
In the brave boſoms of thy patriot comrades
Long wilt thou live. In that eventful moment
When Gallia threaten'd with unnumber'd legions
To inundate fam'd Albion's peaceful ſtrand,
Ready at honour's call he join'd the band
That rally'd round their Monarch's brazen throne.
And now the tear ſhall glide, that torn away
By death's reſiſtleſs power, no more we trace thee
On the trod field, nor in domeſtic life.
Adieu, dear youth! Thy memory ſtill ſhall live,
And friendſhip oft ſhall heave the pitying ſigh.

Down to oblivion's gulph all human kind
Speedily haſte, and meet one common fate.
Ye ſhades of heroes! pride of ſenates! tell,
In that dread world where thought diſabled drops
Her bold career, and clips his daring wings,
What will avail how honour'd in our lives,
Or how lamented in our death we fled!
Is there on time's preſs'd plain a greater meed
Than to be good, high up in virtue's liſt,
And dare the griſly tyrant? 'Tis religion,
Fair maid! alone can calm the ſtarting conſcience,
And all ſerene prepare the fluttering ſoul
For vaſt realities. For that dread bourn
"From whence" how true! "no traveller returns."

N. T. CARRINGTON.

Plymouth-Dock.

The SETTING SUN: *A* SONNET.

DEEP in the gulph of liquid radiance bright
Sinks heaven's prime orb; and now a level flood
Of mellow gold along the horizon flows,
Skirting whoſe ſides the vivid crimſon glows.
Or where above, its ſcatter'd ſpots inſtud
The ſubject azure, ſheds a milder light:
While high o'er all ſublime, embattled riſe
The dark grey clouds, and frown acroſs the ſkies.
Sooth'd by the ſolemn pleaſing viſion, wide,
My mind dilates: Oh: take me by the hand,
And in yon gloomy wood, celeſtial maid!
Penſive, yet calm reflection! let me ſtray;
Or ſit enrapt 'mid thy ideal band,
Whoſe magic power creates internal day.